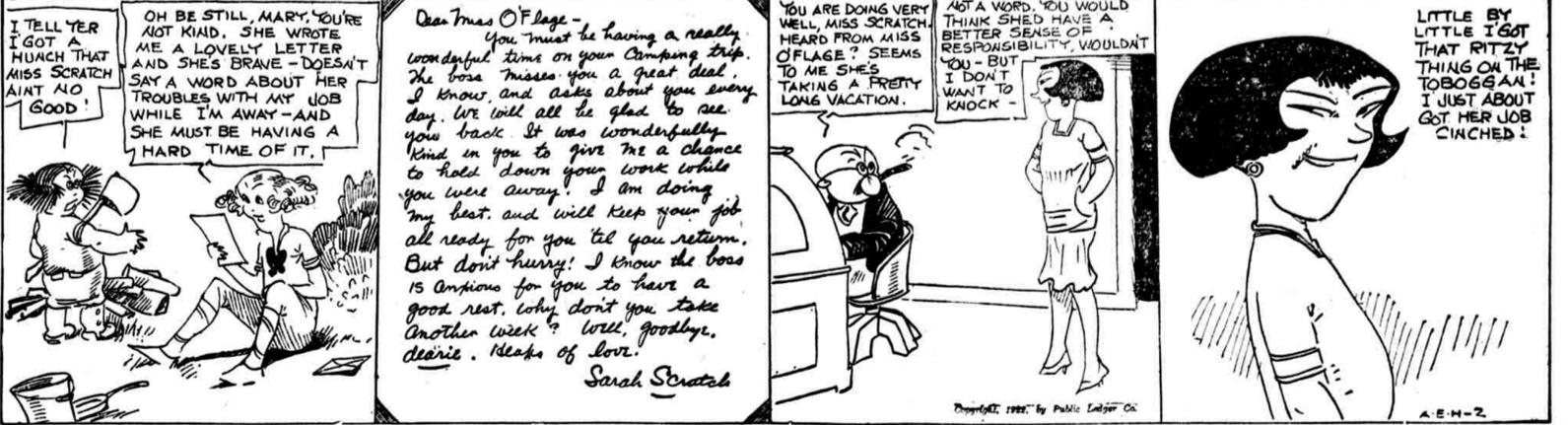


By Sidney Smith

THE GUMPS—The Pink of Politics



SOMEBODY'S STENOG—Miss Scratch



The Young Lady Across the Way



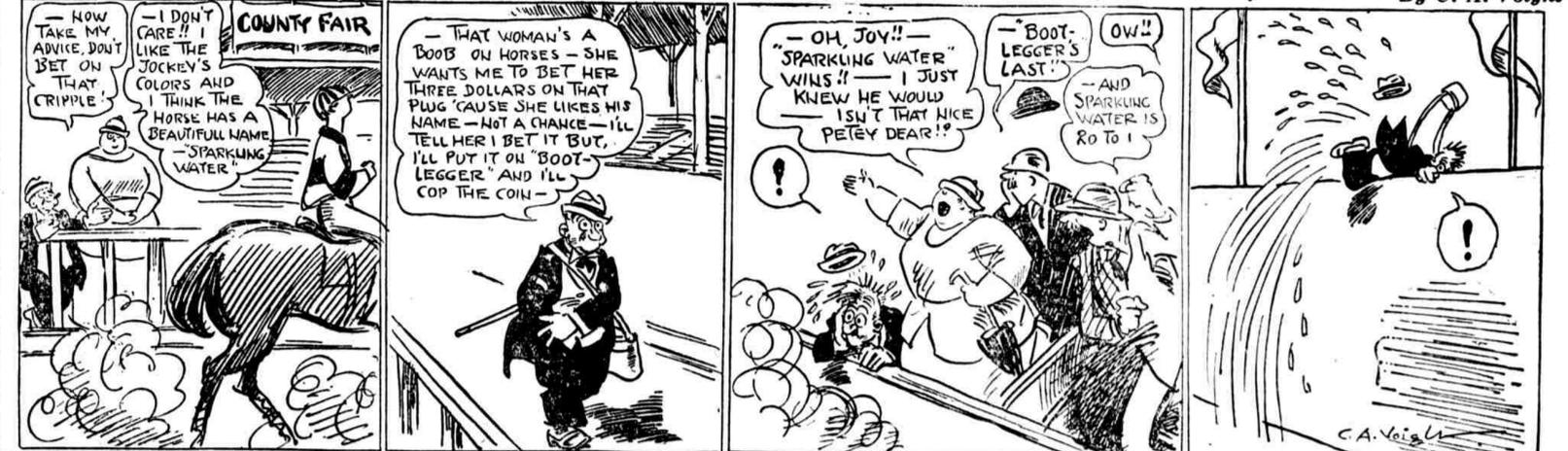
THE LITTLE SCORPIONS' CLUB



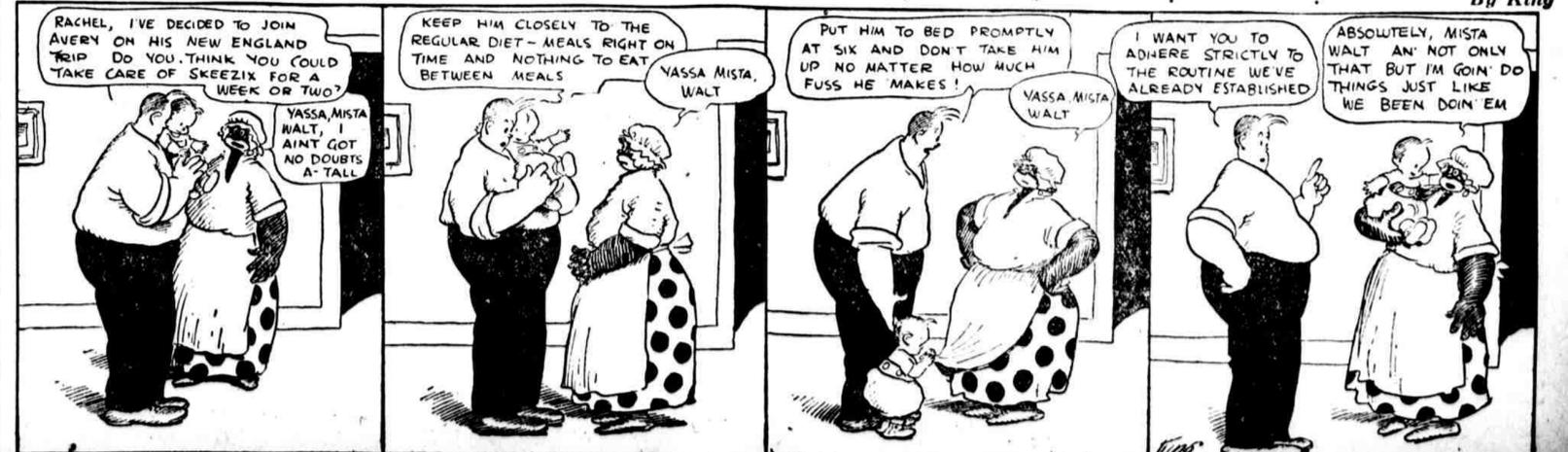
SCHOOL DAYS



PETEY—At the County Fair



GASOLINE ALLEY—And Then Some



By Katharine Newlin Burt. Copyright, 1922, by Katharine Newlin Burt. Published by arrangement with Metropolitan Newspaper Service. he murmured; then in front of the gold curtain he shot up to his splendid height, his deep eyes lighted. He moved them from Heloise to Sir Sydney Grinscombe, and he smiled. It was not his old smile, but it gleamed. Heloise looked upon a disillusioned conqueror. At Q's command, "Quiet, lady, quiet," Heloise faded away from her telephone and moving back to her chair, had dropped into it and relaxed all her trembling muscles. Since she had overheard, by a mere chance, Q's and Lolo's destination, she had suffered indescribable torments of memory and of alarm. There was a long battle with her pride which set her calmly at the lonely dinner-table and took her as calmly to an apparent reading of the newspapers, which kept her chained to the rigidity of her usual composure until midnight. Then, quite suddenly, Miss Seld's self-control snapped. Thirty-nine years ago, an Folly Inn! Tonight at Folly Inn! Her Heloise! She went to her telephone and began a patient searching through the night for Heloise. By the time his voice came, hers was almost beyond her control. Not until she had his reassurance did she understand what the hours of suspense had done to her. She felt bone-broken and nerve-stretched. She sat and let old age coil round her like a snake. Let Lolo be old comfortably! There was no ringing at the front door, which stood open, but some one blundered heavily through it in a blind, drawing-room door upon her privacy. She turned her head and saw William Sales—white, puffy, disordered, breathing fast. Heloise whispered, coming over to her and wiping sweat from his face repeatedly, first with one hand, then with the other, "I hold you responsible for this!" She had pulled herself up straight in her deep chair and was clutching its arms. "You hold me responsible—for what?" "They're after me," He said. "They're after me. You've got to keep them out." Her relief was so great—she thought he had come with some terrible tidings of her niece—that she laughed. "Who are after you?" "Those dogs from the Mills, sicked on me by that Western devil of yours. Why didn't you do something? You could have fired the lot. I tell you, they're after me. I got a warning from a kid I've given pennies to; came from a kid they're coming, they're on their way"—he quivered all over—"with a horsewhip!" "Coming here?" "No, to my house. But they'll track me. He will. He'll drag me out—the bloodhound. He's been at my heels since the first night. He'll get me." "No, William, he's not with them. I know where he is tonight. Be quiet, please. Sit down. You're badly frightened. But I'm sure it was a false alarm. They won't come here for you"—her teeth slid against each other, then—"and if they do come, I can manage them. They won't dare search my house for you. I should hope. Sit down and keep quiet. I say, I don't feel in the humor for a scene. I'll get you some whiskey." After he had drunk the whiskey, he collapsed and, lying along the lounge, he panted like a dusty dog. Heloise, listening to the vague and distant noises of the night, they heard the occasional river-murmur, the occasional crescendo and diminuendo of a passing train, at last the noisy humming of a rapidly driven car. "What's that?" he cried, coming up to a sitting position and cowering against the cushions, clutching at them with his hands. "It's coming in here, I tell you!" "Yes," she said. "Keep still. It's Heloise. She has been to a party. Then as there came a faint murmur of Lolo's voice, Miss Seld's face grew calm and its lines smoothed themselves out. She came over to Sales, looked under a lamp and smiled at once so fully and indifferently. "Why don't you go upstairs and get to bed? You are quite safe." "Perhaps," he blew his lips in and out. "Well, perhaps I am. Could it have been a false alarm? The little rascal seemed scared himself. All his freckles stood out, he was so pale. Well, yes—yes," he murmured to reassure himself as though his spirit were a scared child. "I might as well go up and get some sleep. But"—on his way to the door he turned and looked back at her at her— "I hold you responsible for my bodily safety, Seld."

CONTINUED MONDAY